

the metal tree

d.j. berthiaume





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The Metal Tree

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HMS Press

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Desert Crosses

Desert crosses.
And dry animal carcasses.
Resemble nothing of what was left far
Behind.

Such impossible delusions.
And sun drenched illusions.
The heat hath me deep in a bind.

The stroking puddles
Of sand, all cuddles.
The horizon of just such a dream.

And "No", said the god.
That made me here trod,
To my request of cool in the gleam...

Lurid Morning Star

Flitten mice, the water bats
Sputter their energies over an abbey canal.
Chasing harmless moths
That succumb to the warm beacon of
midnight.

Adding the gravid seconds that pile on
anticipation
With carved shadows swallowing the small
lives here in dusk.

And evening, thus draws its curtain...

Black and lurid, morning star
that befallen angels force to scar,
you beckon daylight flanked in strain,
for the dark requests such endless pain.

In countless cycles, this paper world,
large cuts are etched in brazen pearled
and mounted statues halt to breath,
for their king from depths that must
be pleased.

Elysian Shores

Evenings drip from the heavens,
Dark sleep and I think.
A tide pulls flowing backwards.
Star beds that shutter blink.

Aggression and blind force
Accompany measures of the black side.
Sack cloth and ashes
cabaret crescents for a ride.

Night-time wears the moon so well
its face is violet mist.
Mystery is known to all
upon the sand the ocean kissed.

With ancient crags providing the fish
with fear that seeps in curdling wait.
The bespeckled waves that churn in currents
know death can speak to fate.

How bizarre and obscure this dram doth
protest.
It's naked truth boundaries to fall.
Yes, here, where the planets curl round
and round
the gates, are open, to all...

Nirvana

Thinking...

Like a sarcastic old singer
these tracks they wind through my city.

I walk them day and night
in hopes my time will pity,

Girls in park pointing
there tails will grow grey,

Unhappily lapping
my tracks have to stay.

Noises of rape,
and cars that go scrape.

How many exist,
to feel the wrath of a grape?

Back on track,
I walk from my home.

Burning the soul,
of an ancient foam.

Tomorrow is a prospect,
in tonights solemn dream.

Never cast shadows,
in dark hollow streams.

I'm thinking...

Like a sarcastic old singer
these tracks they wind through my city.

I walk them day and night
in hopes my time will pity,

In this world of delusion
so colourless and blain.

Few improve sight
who inflict us with pain,

Like dancing summer dresses
and burning candles lights,

The morals of maybes cross
deceit with a plight,

Fairness be parting
bone holes in my heart.

The ball of this life
only rolls twixt the art.

I'm thinking...

Unicorns

Deep in a forest,
splashing equestrian rains,
is a clearing, where only sun shines,
with streams and white manes.

It is here the horned horses
of heaven, gods ride.
evading the humans wonder
with the magic they stride...

Land of the Trembling Earth

Polished rocks in the water,
Ebony in the swamps.
The glowing eyes that shine at night,
The patient crocodile romps.

The bubbles start to bubble up
In this land of the trembling earth,
Decomposed vegetation,
Helping nature surge rebirth.

Poisonous, sucking, slimy worms.
The cups of drowning bees.
Nothing lives forever here,
Unless it hides amongst the needs.

With branches that hover over creeks and
Marsh
And cycles stripping the years,
A lifetime for a junglebug,
Is much shorter than its fears.

Silky smooth, the fog, for morning comes,
And screeching birds all race to gather.
In cognizance, an egg is broke?
Another death that just won't matter.

Their sprawling homes of muck and mine,
Hold truth to sages belief.
Yes, an unconscious love of green toads
That croak,
Throws hate at the silent killed thief...

I Do Rise

20000 miles from earth
unstormed, black paints the universe,
following upon the story
of the stars,
shirking no distance
of charisma,
unbounded by fences of planets.
Rushing cold air shoots clean
Through the stellar building,

Always understanding that
No infinite god
Projects the earth,
But that earth is the god that
Has created itself.

Summer Repose

Of the tired, that gently roam,
I send the snowdrops and the hollyhocks
home.
Deep in soul to search and comb.
Under blue skies of purposeful dome.

Tickling of feet, through cool summer grass
the smile that covets the face of a lass.
These jewels do hold, upon memories crass
and the time I don't notice, of which
comes to pass...

Attracta Dominion

Listen to me
and I'll tell you more
about cracking cosmic eggs

With lion skulls
and the war torn floor
that the deep den sleeping it begs.

As far as the composition
on the physical demise,
I choose to fairly not restrict,

That the sight our lives need
is bound in the heart
and reveals it's intentions ever quick...

When rules and laws
made the earth draw blood,
it's sworn the essence couldn't hold out.

And the copper casts
that do no one good
was the wheel squeeking making us shout.

Listen to me
and I'll tell you more
about silent soldiers eyes.

The howling wind
and the swirling cold
seeking solstice amongst the tides.

The dragon of touch
and the reason to slay
makes this earth go round and round.

Do I swing iron swords
in the drams you hold dear
on the white powdered pillows, unbound...

Old Man

I saw a bridge once removed
on one end sat a man, old and grey
on the other were children, laughing and
jumping
who were opting the man to play.

He wanted to go and join in their fun
but there was no way to make it across
so he leaped in the water for the fun to
share,
to find at swimming, he was at a loss.

We revel in the fact of times humanity
for when we mistake or make the more
we exhibit some of the human side
and all the humaner I roar.

When the night time is changing into morn
it's embarrassed and naked, to the weeest
hours
to save us from sin, this flying of sky
removes of the soul it sours.

So be the wings of the old man now has
and his dream of heaven above,
who has died here alone and cross?
not the ones that remain in earths glove.

The Shady Mistress

If they told you when you were born..
That there will be sound so shrill.

That it will pierce your ears deaf.
And hammer and anvil will not move.

Then you would loiter the jungle of hell.
Cupping your head for the quiet of paradise.

Love is the shady mistress of day...

Sunshine light.,
Wheat fields bright.

Sassafras coffee.
On a cold autumn night.

Colonial skies.
Forest holly sighs.

Willowleaf green
On the picket white ties.

The hearth stones black.
Jet satin back.

These colours with eyes.
Drip under my mack...

Luck so blunt.
Never comes when your young.
At least never expected or long felt
Deserved.

I say goodnight to the shady mistress
Of day...

Mind Fields

With my body floating through the sky,
the sun glares down at me,
mad burning veins of silence in my soul.
The careless clouds are worlds sent lofting
before my eyes.

Cheating time I fly seconds for hours.
The air filled thoughts secure me
with a grip of suction surrounding my skin.

And yet, I float on,
like a dream of heaven,

From which I care not to wake...

Jamaican Mermaid

Laying down in those Jamaican shores
I sprawl out late at night.
when I'm sure nobody was there,
a mermaid, I behold in sight.

She took hold of my hand
and she pulled me through the waves
we made a home on the island sand
and enjoyed the stars that sky saves...

Oh, Jamaican mermaid,
who is to believe me when I say,
while resting on these island sands
it was a mermaid who beside me lay.

As it got cool, she knew to put me on dry land
and she covered me in green leaves,
and cause she can't come from the water, love
like an angel, she sings to me...

I fell asleep, 'neath the black carib' sky
and woke up the next morn
only to find I washed up back home,
onto the shores of the Jamaican born.

Oh, Jamaican mermaid,
who is to believe me when I say
while resting on these island sands,
it was a mermaid who beside me lay...

My advice after a smoke or two
is to remember late on Jamaican shores,
don't fall asleep if a mermaid takes your hand
and go with her where she lures...

I was unlucky, as I wipe the sand from my eyes
but I did not mistake it in this daylight,
a giant fin waved goodbye to me
and through the tide it slipped from sight.

Oh, oh, Jamaican mermaid,
who is to believe me when I say,
while resting on these island sands,
it was a mermaid who beside me lay...

Anew Rain

I woke up.
Knowing more than I ever knew before.
It felt as if a rain had washed away
all my ignorance, and all that was left,

was a piece of smiling light...

It was only a matter of time
till I could make these moments rhyme,
and if from the race of life I pulled out,
I would be burning inside to shout,

that it was only a matter of time
till I could make this spirit climb.
To know the difference in age and claim
that all the time I was sane.

If I had a God to thank,
Twas from his cup I took and drank.
To feel and reel in joy as I do,
it makes me speak these words to you.

that it was only a matter of time.
Does this make my path such a crime?
Leave alone the creatures that stay,
and it's for us we start a new day.

And it's all just a matter of time
till we can all make these moments rhyme.
And if from the race against life we
pull out,
we'd be burning inside to shout,

that it was all just a matter of time...

Prehistory

The countance of death does rely
On the beauty that shall never die.

So onward to empires of stone.
And the conquering of whats bred in the
bone.

The superior more is the race.
that carries itself within space.

And the king is now fooled who believes,
That he shall inherit the thieves.

For it is change that does challenge
with war.
And with deceit does it hold future lore.

Embellishing the throes of dear time.
Are these thoughts of historical crime

September Cool

September cool,
the kind of cool
that shows the seasons
do change their minds.

Blowing with the universal law
that rises to make your brain float.

Soon, I'll be off to the West,
where come and go people, like to stay.

And if they walk the streets
till they are old

They will still be in the sun.

All that matters is the warmth of their
dreams...

Go West...

Swimming in the Poetry Pond

It's into the poem I have dove.
And what fine fruity trees on its grove.
That no more shall I search for the words.
That hover on the wind like birds.

I am now in the depths of my swim.
Shall I go any further on a whim!
What fish do change down below?
Will they bite with the fangs that they
show?

I hear not the noise from above.
This promotes my waterline that I love.
Shall I drown and succumb to the joy?
No. I'll treasure the moment so coy.

I'm floating now back up to tide.
The air in my lungs takes a side.
I've enjoyed the time catered to thoughts.
Of these waters and shell ridden lots.

And fresh air I now breath is subdued.
With the morals I consider so lewd.
And only with mind for this span.
Shall I look to the wet for my clan.

Hell's Acres

Hell is no myth.
Hell is no myth.

Hell is a place
Where I visit my friends.
Hell is the place
Where the fire never ends.

There's a barber, Lizzie Borden,
Who sees to fine cuts.
There's a ripper namd Jack,
Who slits all the sluts.

The demon in black
Never minds the noise.
He considers the yelling,
Just the squealing of toys.

Hell is no myth.
Hell is no myth.

Hell is the place
Your tossed to go
Where you can just see the heavens,
But not know what they know.

As a human I choose
That the chosen be lost,
Needing proof of God's kind
And the burning of cross.

With the gutteral poise
Of the anatomy's heart,
I cry for sweet sadness
When forgiving its part.

Heaven's no myth.
Heaven's no myth.

Where I lay and I dream
On my sun lit beach,
Of the clouds walking by
That my hands can't reach!

Posing shells, fragile sand
Geometrically inclined.
This alone holds in essence
Bottled wishes that I find,

The deeming of friends
That fall from busy trade.
Are clear examples of the time
I took in the love I made.

Heaven's no myth.
Heaven's no myth.

Not only should you be taught,
But you should learn as well
Of the closeness of your enemies
Finding differences in hell...

Curiosity has killed,
This evil, wicked cat,
But the smile it reveals
Is rebellious to the fact

That Hell is no myth...

Genocide

I was struck by a wandering keel,
windswept down like a round about wheel;
witnessing colours turn to shapes that seal
and these spun into feelings earthreal.

Fierce dragons that were held in locks,
Gods let loose from their cloud filled box.
Told to feed on the beast that mocks,
humans glare in a horror that talks.

And for icons, the creatures all died.
Man made heaven and the animals cried.
Only for his children has this mortal lied
and now his existence must be put to the
side.

Let fires roar in the drummling woes.
Let fly caldrons in the blazing white snows.
Death comes clean to eliminate roes.
And now man must reap from the seeds he
sows!

Bask in daylight, the animal reigns,
no longer extinct is the race that wains.
Rivers will flow, on the skin like viens.
No more of the zoos or the coat ridden pain.

With the breaking down of the slaughter
house walled,
that for our centuries has murdered and
mauled,
ancestors cry from the graves they've
crawled.
In human heaps the last species is called.
Eliminate fears of the sledge hammer's
toll,
and the death in their eyes that was held
to droll.
It's for life on this ball, do we continue
to roll.
No need for the worry in a cement mixed
bowl!!

Yes, it's life, it's alive, it's all that
is growing,
And for our offspring we'll preserve all
we're showing.
All the time we held quiet, standing still,
always knowing,
man knew nothing of the fire he had going...

Hanged Man, Incubus

Hanged man, Incubus,
you put the fear into my sleep.
One day I'll die and be thankful for
the visions that cease to weep.

It's not the demons you put in my dreams
but the horror they can't withhold.
As I sweat and scream the nights away
I awake to a pool of cold.

When it's evening, here in dream Erebus,
Zoroaster is close to his fires.
Reptiles clean their eyes with their
tongues.
The same near the hawks streaming spires.

A kite is more agile than an eagle
and will snatch the food from its beak.
Drawing from the powers of the dreamtime,
animals flourish in electric heat.

Hanged man, Incubus,
you put the fear into my sleep.
One day I'll die and be thankful for
the visions that cease to weep.

It's not the demons you put in my dreams,
but the horror they can't withhold.
As I sweat and scream the nights away
I awake to a pool of cold.
With Selene in heaven and Artemis on earth
the thoughts of Eve culminate below.
A mixture in craft of paraffin wax,
leaves Persephone a hell where souls go.

Hecate forms with athena from her hair
and a sword and torch in her hands.
The Sphinx is falling and its Hecate
calling,
upon a wind that blows across the lands...

Hanged man, Incubus,
you put the fear into my sleep.
One day I'll die and be thankful for
the visions that cease to weep...

Island

My ship is in the wind
every dot along the hue

dust clouds the poison
that's spoiling the view.

Thanks to a shining sun
I bear no grudge,

no ill spoken words
this ink shall smudge;

just the careening waters
that float out of the bay.

Where these and the clouds go
no mortal is to say.

Deep religious sand
covers all the beach;

This is no dream for reality
as much as a claim to beseach

a bright cheery smile
scatters love upon the curve,

and in this tanned relationship
again from burn I swerve...

Constance

I used to pick up a girl down here
'bout half a mile or two.

I used to pick up a girl down here
with nothin' better to do.

Well if I could do with the time I have
what I couldn't do back then,
I wish I could pick up that girl right now
and ask her where she's been.

We used to sit in my room at night
readin' poetry from my book,
I'd laugh, she'd cry at the dreams I had
oh, the memories that I took.

She left me in the summer when the moon
was high,
She had to leave me but I'll never know
why.
I used to pick up a girl down here
'bout half a mile or two.

Negative Transfer

Believe the people, unreal.
They wait in the clouds of midnight,
and trust is built on their shoulders.

How glib and confound the thoughtless mode.

Exhaust the triviality and venture.
This realm doth wait so keen...

Land

What snakes won't eat
A diet for gods we once knew.

The Pacific world
Unreasoned in foil, unplaced in reality.

What tales are told of the purple waters?

Their art and music are very similar
to making love
in that they are both an outward expression
of emotion.

Under these waters
to wonder about time is time lost.

Above the water they sit on a raft
living every second,

and when they bleed, their faces smile.

And the land shushes them
replying a contrary moment

That "it is good you are mine."

Roses and Thorns

Colours of sound
and the Purssian blue.
the ease of hating others
on the choice to love through...

It's a question of morality, yea.

A bunch of pros and cons that have a lot
to do, with you.

Playing in the roses,
getting cut by the thorns.
Bury us just where we die,
we'll still meet the man with the horns.

Yes, us and him we've got a notion.
We're both going to raise us some hell!
And if God's the all forgiving one,
then we ought to do pretty well.

A grudge holding brother
has nothing to lose.
To go on loving others
means he'll have to walk a mile in
your shoes.

Trauma too much to handle.

Between the ethics of man and the cold
blue steel, I refuse.

Playing in the roses,
getting cut by the thorns.
Bury us just where we die,
we'll still meet the man with the horns.

Yes, us and him we've got a notion.
We're both going to raise us some hell!
And if God's the all forgiving one,
then we ought to do pretty well.

Cleaning off the chalk
to write a new day on.
There's got to be some reason
or there ain't gonna be no new day sun...

We've been learning in a circle, yea.

I suggest we stop trusting this guy in
the front, with the flute...

We've been playing in the roses,
gettin' cut by the thorns.
Bury us where we die,
We'll still meet the man with the horns.

Yea, us and him we got a notion.
We both gonna raise us some hell!
and if God's the all forgiving one,
then we ought to do pretty well.

Interstellar Nebulae

Sister Theresa,
she's down at the church...
she's helping all the children
do their heavenly research.

She's a darling old lady
nearing the age of 72.
I wonder if she'll retire?
But then what would she do?

I imagine people like her,
as the salt of the earth...
No matter what goes wrong here,
there's always room for more birth...

Oh, interstellar nebulae
that never says 'who cares'.
Deep down in the city streets,
it's the salt of the earth, who ever dares...

Constant with glorious
and gentle in prayer,
deep down in the city streets,
it's the salt of the earth, who ever dares...

I take my afternoon siesta,
under the parks big oak tree.
It has leaves that keep me shady
and roots I need not see...

I should look for the same in people,
no need to dig deep in their minds...
If a smile says friendliness to me,
I should find it in all other kinds...

Oh, interstellar nebulae,
that never says 'who cares'
deep down in the city streets my friend,
it's the salt of the earth, who dares.

Constant with glory,
and gentle in prayer,
deep down in the city streets, you know,
it's the salt of the earth who dares...

Clouds Above A Factory

Clouds above a factory,
dreams escape me perfectly.
Calenders will fall and fill again.

Gilded days will always cry,
on these thoughts the wind must fly.
Rhyming just a scheme to ponder on.

How obsolete the day begins,
not feeling man with all his sins.
Trying not to lose it, but he will.

Thinking always cynically,
matching life with trickery.
Luck is finding food within the dawn.

Just a minute, please my love,
I crumple words into a dove.
They float and flutter gracefully to you.

Freedom resenting cautiousness,
never nodding much to ugliness.
We all will couple life to the very end.

An Eye For An Eye

To think of all the fervent pace,
that puts the wrinkles on an old mans face.
Remember nothing returns to trace,
a life once led on a smear sphered space.

Yes, the truth has been known to set free
the likes of Napoleon, Hitler and now me.
A stopwatch forcing thoughts that decree,
how much fun each day could or should be.

I fear for the blind that see life,
as a process to fight with scanned rife.
Time won't permit even love to cut strife,
but will dull the ends of a cutlass, sharp
knife.

Optimism, trust, positive is the thought,
thats why peace has returned what I have
brought,
from stars as far as man has got.
It's to the other world you will find
what I've sought.

No One soldier

The sea was a desert,
large walls entombed,
the most desolate tribes.

When ring lights were sent out
to kill our race,

You could see the sky fall,
cracking to the earth;
they'd spray out clouds of dust
and have mercy on no living thing...

Death to the darkness,
competition, pride and greed.

Pollution is out sin
and to our childrens life we feed.

inequality, in consideration.
Violence paves our mind.

Man is but a human animal
all alienation to unwind.

Striving for a little peace
he gets some pie instead,

man will not be satisfied till
his children all see red.

Keep in mind it is no one soldier
who combats the wars of life,

fighting against the elements
and combining against the strife...

Nevers and Cant s

Of antiwars and avatars
that build mans works of art,
rinsing the physical existence off
and choosing a medium to start.

Will it be the plaster of Dante,
on the ceiling of a cathedral hall?
Or perchance a piece of paper,
onto which a philosophy will fall.

Mozart's weapon of unbound music
used to convey his religion of truth,
blatantly stolen from consciousness,
and remained in sanitys cooth.

Assassins utilize bullets and knives
in their lucid attempt to express.
While molding and shaping the justices,
balancing a vengeance to impress.

Such integrity rushes from artists minds.
Starving as the case may be.
Burning their mouths on the symbolism laws,
through the visions their eyes feed.

I close my eyes to antiwars and anatars
and pay no heed to the politics of thought.
I take from each of lifes situations,
the sum of the product I fought.

Godhead (enduring the years)

Never getting hungry, never cold.
Inheriting immediately,
peaceful philosophies,
constructive rebellion and modest pride.

Lust only for the propulsion of wisdom
and hard work;

A keen understanding that if only money
is sought, a factory should be your home...

For identity is lost in the meager challenge
for money, and lost, too, will be the vast
impacts and essences of art and science...

Solitude, remains the only place
for the burgeoning of contemplative and
intellectual concerns.

This place where the thinkers can progress
the view of reality with the opinion of
their impressions.

Without the contemplation of reason,
excessive obedience to blind faith in
past views would blandly, pale out
our exceptions with age...

Artists, scientists, and thinkers,
the professional trades of human kind and
godhead,

thus will endure the years...

Mandrake Lake

I met a young girl by the lake today
her hair was of the golden fleece
as the words departed her sterling pink
lips
my heart stopped and my mind rest in peace.

Her name, she said, was Heaven Leigh, oh
dear
my fate was never to meet one twice
when we walked along the Mandrake Lake
time was destined to forget the price.

Her eyes could see through my thoughts,
quite well
and it wasn't long before I held her near
we strolled right through the afternoon sun
with emotion soaking up the clear.

Soon though, the moment, it did draw close
that second, I dreaded, ever so
heaven Leigh grew wings and flew to the
heavens
such a lovely vision, to glow.

The Mandrake Lake stared back so serene
never flinching, in brilliant disguise
the looks I know, never forget
the truth that a lake never lies.

The truth that a lake never lies.

Daily Souvenirs

On a staircase of wind
a leaf floats to earth,
never farther again from end
and never closer again to birth.

Lifting up into the sky
a bird shoots through a cloud,
never wanting anything further more
never hoping so silent so loud.

The day impeaches,
problems annoyed,
careless is a moral
and sunny days unavoid.

Yes, with rearing silver spears
rays of light plummet down,
the grass pushes through
and brings colour to the ground.

These are daily souvenirs
withholding no feeling,
nothing added to brilliance
except the thought of my being...

The Light

When my girl came to me
she could not see a thing.
Now that she's gone,
she sees too much.

When my girl came to me
she could not hear a thing.
Now that she's gone,
she hears too much.

In the light, it is not right.
It is not wrong, but it is not right.

When my girl came to me
she smelled like flowers sweet.
Now that she's gone,
she smells too much.

When my girl came to me
she had such common sense.
Now that she's gone,
she is so senseless.

When my girl came to me
She had never, ever been touched.
Now that she's gone,
She touches too much.

In the light, it is not right.
It is not wrong, but it is not right.

Only True (who you are)

Crawling spiders,
cast from summers blend.
Doth the heavenly abiding,
consist of masters mend?

Only true, who you are, only true...

Hardcore, mad shaman,
realize nothing lives.
Unless theres life unbided
and smartman only gives.

Only true, who you are, only true...

Skies cry stars dying,
reflecting the struggle thats always there.
A theologians request to gods on high,
society abhords his homely care.

Therefore,
it is only true, who you are, only true...

Go Up

Now if during the day
I am to stop, for a second
and on a days work
I figure to reckon

how strengthening spirit
and guiding my soul
will build up the future
for young and for old.

Fear not for the weary
and aching at heart
for they too, find solace
in another days start

having this precious gift
plus the time to go on
is the way to a happy ending,
and will be seen with each dawn...

Jury of the Insane

To the people of the dream
never to be proven innocent...
always guilty!

Just as the drunk, he tries
to crawl out of his skin.
like a mother and her newborn,
so eager to begin.

Yes, I see it now,
the texture and detail!
and look, a closed casket!
such a message unveiled.

I sigh with company
and know no more shall exist
and hold close dear
the memory of my twist.

It's a hungry world
and the food you can smell.
for one in a mass of people,
without a meal to sell...

I see the sun
and it's in such a way
that it makes the clouds glow
and my cares drift away.

Lust is always there
and you don't have to fake
love on the other hand,
it's this you must make.

Moving like limbs
that hover under silk,
be serious in climbing,
and answer god's milk.

Oh wicked head cleaner
with instruments of end,
I receive from the deep
the routes that do not lend.

We don't take the animals to heaven,
because they can't kneel and pray.
This sells the sizzle not the steak.
I wonder what my kitten might say.

The light that halogen blooms
is made up of counterfeit trusses.
Grind me with your best inquisitor...

a poets death of a thousand fusses.

Shy Writing

There are no walls in heaven
only sun dust scenes of the happy land...

On its face.
daisies freckle the complexion...

The pastures, they do not mind
and nature has no time for pride
In such disposition...

Bright and unwanting,
such views does a human request...

Rights of Spring

Blanched, white voices
speak from winters hibernation,
fearing frosts obnoxious
and deceitful manipulation...

The warm spring sun
has pierced through the brumal sky
and color, like the season,
awaken smiles in my eyes...

With perennial rites of spring
vetoing the chilly winds of north,
the bidding of the months gone by,
pay off as seeds come forth.

Cohort the congenial, generic waves
that was up on Thames shores
and basics of the prime time,
plummet the grassy floors...

Not abstract on temperate degrees
thus tend to here, unfold...
just the searing relief of daybreak,
stark raving itself, bold...

Fabric of Life

Does a wandering man
have wrinkles in his hands?
Oh, I wonder.

Does a fly make you cry
when you see him on a high?
Oh, I wonder.

Oh yes, I wonder
at this fabric of life,
oh yes, I wonder
at this weaving and juking with strife.

Does the sapphire ocean
pull at winking motion?
Oh, I wonder.

Does your eye compute the beauty
that makes us all so moody?
Oh, I wonder.

Oh yes, I wonder
at this fabric of life,
oh yes, I wonder
at this weaving and juking with strife.

Does a tunnel seem inane
to a claustrophobic vein?
Oh, I wonder.

Does a treat for laden fear
bring rising unknown clear?
Oh, I wonder.

Does anything help us anymore
or should we look for more blood and gore?

I don't wonder
it's no wonder

This is our fabric of life.

Smart Apes

Smart Apes, lay eggs,
dance around on a stack of peg legs.

When I rise up to greet the morn,
I laugh at the life that I happen to be
born.

Drain pipes, gutter snipes-
what to choose'll probably cause fights.

I'll wear my boots and I'll take /em both
home,
until I grow fangs and my mouth starts to
foam.

Pigs feet, raw meat,
people don't care as long as they eat;

They got a guilty conscience but it sure
don't show-
it's possible they're blind, I just don't
know.

I got, god lost, early frost
I pay by the moral and I can't afford the
cost.

The dust between my dreams keeps fogging
up the night.
Maybe thats the reason I wake up in fright.

I got dry bones, dead clones.
The more a man hates the less he takes home.

I light another smoke and I'm sure to lose
my mind;
now thats the way to do it, relax and
unwind.

Now ya know I got smart apes, layin' eggs,
they dance around on a stack of peg legs.

When I ride up to greet the morn,
I laugh at the life that I happen to be
born.

Seasoned Man

The tree lined dreams
That give in to night
Wave at cloudy skies

I've disembarked now
On the new way,
And my friends have turned to lies

Curtly smiling
Eunich filing
Canadian, the identity grows

Indian pasts
And dirty flasks
Embroidered, unpassion flows

The squeaky wheels
That cultivate fields
Have stopped from lack of oil

The time is nigh
For revolt and cry!
The future is coming to boil

Island of Thoughts

I paddle my boat
made of sturdy knowledge,
and rowed true with oars of curiosity,

Off to the Island of Thoughts

where each grain of clourless sand
is another fantabulous idea,

and the palm trees are merely beautiful,
there, but rile in equality...
For without one you cannot enjoy the other.

Yes, I shall abort the quickening tides
of ambitious life, to stroll and carouse
upon this beach of ponder

on the Island of Thoughts...

Baby Dreams

Baby dreams, oh, baby dreams,
all cuddled by blankets and white pillow
seams,
you are an angel so snug in your bed,
as baby dreams whisper thoughts in your
head.

Babes in a park
on a Sunday at noon,
have sunshine and shelter
to swelter the moon.

Graceful knowing
that if there comes time,
in mothers arms
they will trustfully climb.

Baby dreams, oh, baby dreams,
all cuddled by blankets and white pillow
seams,
you are an angel so snug in your bed,
as baby dreams whisper thoughts in your
head.

The morning with family
shall remain in your thoughts,
just as butterflies tumble
in slumbering lots.

No matter the seasons
you've come to see pass,
it's this summer you'll love
with the junebugs and grass.

Baby dreams, oh, baby dreams,
all cuddled by blankets and white pillow
seams.
you are an angel so snug in your bed,
as baby dreams whisper thoughts in your
head.

Oh, sleep with this dream
for the time that you can,
for soon you will grow
into women and man.

And sunshine and shelter
will not be the same,
but fear not little baby,
you're not here to blame...

Baby dreams, oh, baby dreams,
all cuddled by blankets and white pillow
seams.
you are an angel so snug in your bed,
as baby dreams whisper thoughts in your
head...

A Blacksmith's Harvest

From the Metal Tree
He has reaped the fruit
Of impressions that hold respect.

But as for the hard
and cold inside,
His mind doth merely deflect.

Language he has given
Has been so twisted by fiends
Now he straightens it while it glows.

And with hammer and anvil,
he carves his way through.
To make his own quite apt to show.

This life is the product,
of a products product.
And such a sum must curtail its own,

for descension to clan
the blacksmith passes on.
Ideology, for a generation so grown.